ULTIMATE NIGHTMARE™

ISSUE 3

MARVEL PSR

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MARVEL®

Gathered by mutant psychic Professor Charles Xavier, the X-Men are soldiers for his dream of coexistence between normal humans and mutants like them.

Formed by General Nick Fury and led by Captain America, THE ULTIMATES are a small but lethal army created to protect humanity against all the new rising threats to the world.

When nightmarish scenes of what appears to be the annihilation of an alien civilization start broadcasting on every television, radio, cell phone and computer in the world, Nick Fury (leader of The Ultimates) tracks it down to an area of Russia called Tunguska. Gathering a small strike team of Captain America and the Black Widow, Fury goes to investigate. He also contacts an operative named Sam Wilson, who was investigating the Amazon River Basin using his remarkable flying wing-pack, to join the strike team.

The strange scenes were also broadcast into the minds of psychics across the planet-- psychics like Charles Xavier and Jean Grey of the X-Men. Xavier has also pinpointed the source to Tunguska.

Both Nick Fury's strike force and the X-Men have reached Tunguska at nearly the same time. Now, each group plans to enter the seemingly deserted bunker from which the signals emanate, unaware the other team is there.

Stan Lee presents:

ULTIMATE NIGHTMARE

CHAPTER THREE

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The year they started building, maybe.
I'd have to say so. But keeping something like this secret for so long, even in Russia...
It must predate even the Chernobyl sarcophagus.
Sam, Natasha - you want to take a look at these papers before we move on?
Mm. I'm just a little bothered by the date.
Me too. If there was a military application to whatever's in here, surely it would've been used during the war.
The nuclear mines are post-World War Two. Maybe they didn't know what they had until it was too late.
Let's see if there's a final entry... Sam can I get some light?
Here we go
Hm. The staff here didn't get paid for six months. This looks to be around 1991.
So they literally just locked up and left.

I knew a lot of Russians. I could never imagine Russians doing that.
You missed sixty years of disappointments, Captain.
Sixty years of the state saying they'd look after us, and then having no choice but to look after ourselves.
Let's keep moving, people.
Take the book. Keep reading.
Is that smell what I think it is?
I can't smell much aside from...
...man.
It's old, but yeah, it is.
Propp ngs.
That ain't what I think it is, right?

I can't believe none of us thought to bring flashlights.
I can see fine.
Bully for you.
Hold on.

Better?
Not really, no.
How many people lived here? For how long?
That ain't the question.
I'm wondering how many people died here.

Hold it...
You see something?
I thought so.
There.
ha ha
heh

Hey. Comrade. Stand up.
He's not going to understand you.
We're not going to harm you. This is a rescue mission. Please stand up.
Where'd he go?
Stay cool, soldier. He's here.
ha ha
heh

na ha
neh
Tell him to put his hands on his head or I'm going to take him down.
There's something on his head. Can you see it?

ha ha
heh

HEHHHGGGGG

UNFF
Cap!
Cover the Captain!
That means you, Wilson.
Yeah.
Your bullets ain't hitting him, General.
And it kinda seems like he needs to take a breath in between discharges.
So maybe I got a better idea.

Sam...
Be cool.
Oh, you're not...
...you are.
Sam, I have to tell you...
...the ceilings are a little low for you to go flapping off.
And he doesn't look greatly impressed by wings.

Actually, I take that back. I think you've made an impression on him, Sam.
Or *in* him, anyway.
Okay. Let's see if bullets work now.

Heh.
Yep.
Nice work, Mr. Wilson.
Sam,
I'm going to need some light.
What for?
I'm carrying just enough tools to do a rough autopsy.
I want a better look at this guy.

This guy's forty if he's a day, you know.
Signs of starvation in his past. Rough old life.
There we go...
See that?
Metal!
Yeah. This horn was bolted on to his skull. Hole drilled through his forehead there, see the wire fed through into his brain.
And the skin grew back over the horn.
Let's get him taken upstairs for a better look.
Fury to Helicruiser. Come in.
no passage it comes and there's no answer
Oh, well that's just great.
We're too close to the source. It's blanketing the damn radio spectrum.
We're cut off.

End o' the road.
ould thi
place be so old
that it's just
collapsing in on
itself?
Perhaps that'd
go some way towards
explaining our mutant's
panic. Trapped underground
in a structure that's
giving way...

Trapped, maybe. Structural collapse, not so much.
This was put here.
Jean? What do you want to do?
It's getting stronger. The noise. I don't want to waste time.
We go through.
So who wants to move this mess? The big metal guy? The moves-stuff with her mind chick?
Oh, let me guess...
Listen, if this junk turns out to be load bearing, I ain't digging myself out from under the roof, okay.
You people make me sick. Wolverine, don't kill that guy! Wolverine, save our useless butts but be nice about it! Wolverine, dig through a tunnel so we don't break our nails...

"Wolverine... use your special cut-through-anything claws to save us from having to actually do work."
CLANG
OWWW!
What in hell

It wasn't a blockage, it was a damn nest--
get offa me, you freaky looking piece of--
whoa--
AAAAAAAA
I believe it's time I did some work.

A man with robot parts bolted on to him
You *rust*. Your human body sweats into the metal and corrodes it.
I wonder if you tested to stay dirty. And mad.
Are those your prey?
We came to find a victim, not monsters.

You're too old! Too ruined!
If you hit me again we'll go through the floor! I can feel it!
YOU WON'T SURVIVE THE FALL!

and neither might we.
TO BE CONTINUED...

In Memory of Christopher Reeve

September 25, 1952 to October 10, 2004

DCP Salutes the one who made us believe a man could fly.

Funky Tim & Metatron